A BALLAD.

The Third Part, To the ſame Tune.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

The Plot is vaniſh'd like to a baſhfull Sprite,
Which with falſe flaſhes, Fools could only fright.
The wiſe, (whoſe clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Find's ſhadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bleſs our King, the Church, and Nation too,
Whil'ſt perjur'd Villains have what is their due.

To the TUNE of *Packington's Pound.*

1.

THe Presbyter ha's bin ſo active of late,
To twiſt himſelf into the Myſteries of State,
Giving birth to a Plot to amuſe the dark world
'Til into Confuſion three Kingdom's are hurl'd;

It is ſo long ſince,
He Murther'd his Prince,

That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,
With Jingling words that bears little ſence,
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

2.

Their ſcribling Poet is ſuch a dull Sot,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot;
The Mutther o'th 'King, with many things more,
He falſely would put on the Jeſuits ſcore:

When all that have Eyes,
Be they fooliſh, or wiſe,

May ſee the ſly Presbyter through his diſguiſe;
Their brethren in *Scotland* has made it well known,
By Murthering their Biſhop, what ſins are their own.

3.

The Poet, whoſe ſences are ſomewhat decay'd,
Takes *Foan* for a Jeſuit in Maſquerade;
His Muſe ran ſo faſt, ſhe ne're look'd behind her,
Or elſe to a Woman ſhe would have prov'd kinder.

His fury's ſo hot,
To Hunt out the Plot,

That fain he would find it where it is not,
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wiſe,
He has ſtifled his Reaſon, and blinded his Eyes.

4.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men aſtray,
And leaves them i'th Ditch, but ſtill keep's his way,
In politique head firſt framed this Plot,
From whence it deſcended to Presbyter Scot;

Who quickly took Fire,
And aſſoon did expire,

Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire;
Who for the ſame cauſe would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more ſafer to bring it about.

5.

Here's one for Religion is ready to fight,
That believes no in Chriſt, yet ſwear's he's i'th right:
If our Engliſh Church (as he ſays,) be a Whore,
We're ſure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflowr;

He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,

And proſtitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,
Whilſt Atheiſme ſerves himſelf that's more able.

6.

A Peſtilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unſteady mind, and Chymerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly ſuſtain,

He Lodg'd i'th'City
Like Alderman brave,

Being fed up with faction to which he's a ſlave;
He never durſt fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble courage attempted no more.

7.

Another, with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inſpir'd by th'Covenant is grown very ſtout;
Th' old cauſe to revive it is his deſigne,
Though the fabrique of Monarchy he undermine:

He tortur'd his Pate,
Both early and late,

I'th 'Tower, where this miſchief he hope to create;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domeſtiques whilſt they do admire.

8.

Another, with head both empty and light,
For the good Old cauſe is willing to Fight;
I'th'Choiſe of fit members for th'next Parliament,
He ſpit out his zeal to the Rabbles content,

Whilſt his wife in great State
Choſe a Duke for her Mate,

For whoſe ſake a Combuſtion he needs would create
For ſince his indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his wiſh can extend.

9.

There's one, whoſe fierce courage is fal'n to decay
(At *Geneva* inſpir'd,) he's much led away;
He would ſet up a Cypher inſtead of a King:
From Presbyter zeal ſuch folly doth ſpring.

He once did betray,
A whole Town in a day;

And ſince did at Sea fly fairly away:
He had better ſpin out the reſt of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which diſturb not his Head.

10.

Some others, of Fortunes both diſperſt and Low,
With big-ſwelling Titles do's make a great ſhow;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to Presbyter Subjects ſhould be a meer ſlave;

They'd ſet him on's Throne,
To tumble him down,

They ſcorn to ſubmit to Scepter and Crown;
And into confuſion, or Common-wealth turn,
A People that haſtens to be undone.

11.

If ſuch buſy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under-ground;
We'd honour our King, and live at our eaſe,
And make the dull Presbyter do what we pleaſe:

Who has cheated our Eyes,
With borrow'd diſguiſe,

Till of all our Reaſon they'd taken Exciſe;
But let's from their ſlavery ſtrive to be free,
And no People can er'e be ſo happy as we.

FINIS.